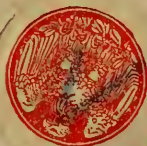


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1909



Thoughts in Verse

Isabelle M. Murray. Greenland.



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Thoughts in Verse

Composed by

Isabelle McMurray Freeland

PS 3511
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1909

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BY
ISABELLE McMURRAY FREELAND



THE NEW FRANKLIN PRINTING CO.
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PREFACE

You ask why I send this book
Out to the world, O friends!
Because that every life complete
With hope begins, and memory ends.
Childhood days were passed
With birds and buds and flowers,
Time went tripping swiftly by
With happy golden hours.
Then youthful days — O dear, dear youth,
How sweet the memory left,
And motherhood, its joys and cares
At times, the heart bereft.
Now the sun is sinking low,
Betokening coming night,
And yet the evening time is bright
With wondrous glorious light.
Sometimes the heart is filled with song
And then the lips must sing,
And that is why, these little rhymes
Before you now I bring.

“ Swans sing before they die.
’Twere no great thing
Should certain persons die
Before they sing.”

THE STORY I HAVE NEVER TOLD

You ask a story from me—
Shall it be new or old?
The most beautiful story I know
Is one I have never told.

It came to me first at my birth,
As I lay on a sheltering arm
Smiling in innocent bliss,
Shielded from earthly harm.

It came again in my youth
And wakened a chord in my heart,
And I sang a song of joy
That never again shall depart.

When rapturous music divine
Shall fall on my listening ear;
When the wonderful glory of God
Before my eyes shall appear,

I will tell the story betimes
In that beauteous city above
Near the great white throne—
For the theme of the story is Love.

THE CLUB GIRL

You may talk of the golf and the bicycle girl,
Your musical girl from the "Hub,"
But none can compare with the girl so fair
Who belongs to the Monday club;
In the club, she is always the best
In science, the crafts or in art,
In her sweet winning way she entrances all.
We are loath to see her depart.

In the family, the light of the house
As she lessens the household care.
The pies she can make and bread she can bake
Would make even a grandmother stare.
If a young man worthy and wise
Is seeking a partner for life,
I'm sure I can kindly advise,
Try get a club girl for a wife.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE UNKNOWN DEAD

"To the Memory of the Unknown Dead,"
Yet every man was known
To mother, sweetheart, wife
Or loved one left at home.

"To the Memory of the Unknown Dead"
All through the bloody fray
Comrade spake to comrade:
"Keep courage, our's the day."

"To the Memory of the Unknown Dead"
They rest beneath the sod,
Yet in the Great "Up Yonder"
Each soul is known to God.

O, Unknown Dead! sleep peacefully,
Your country guards you well,
And through all the coming years
Your bravest deeds will tell.

No more for you the battle din,
The carnage, blood and strife,
The weary march, the prison cell
That made the soldier's life.

Like shadow of a brooding wing
Doth stillness round you fall,
Nor shall your rest disturbed be
By drum or bugle call.

MOTHERHOOD

Come close in my arms, O baby mine,
Already you have crept into my heart;
Lay your face on my loving breast
For never more must we part.

My love for you is wide as the world,
And deep as the boundless sea;
You are mine forever, forever mine,
Aye, e'en through eternity.

Your dimpled hands and ringlets of gold
Are links that bind in a chain,
My being, my life, my soul with yours,
That death cannot rend in twain.

EVERY DAY VERSE

"Lest We Forget! Lest We Forget!"
How often memory fails to bring
Back days so dark and drear,
When heart and soul were hungering
For that one word of cheer.

When weary feet were treading
Life's dreary wilderness;
Waiting for the willing hand
That helped up to success.

But now upon the mountain top,
Crowned with the victor's wreath,
We never even pause to think
Of those who are still beneath.

The hand that helped is brown with toil,
The lips compressed by pain;
Yet from us, never word of hope
To soothe the weary brain.

"Lest We Forget! Lest We Forget!"
Sojourning here below,
The friends who come in time of need
We fail to even know.

CHRISTMAS

The wise men came with gifts,
And laid them at His feet.
Of frankincense and myrrh,
Of spices rare and sweet.

O, Holy Babe of Bethlehem!
That in the manger lay.
A precious gift to all mankind,
That first glad Christmas Day.

Now to ask a gift of Him,
With waiting hearts we come,
And all repeat with, "Tiny Tim,"
"God bless us every one."

THE CALL OF THE BOY

I am thinking of the bygone days
And I hear the call of the boy,
Taking me back to never a care
But only gladness and joy.

Taking me back to the song of birds
And the drowsy hum of bees,
To lie again on the fragrant grass
'Neath the shade of the maple trees.

To watch the fleecy clouds that pass,
Building my "Castles in Spain,"
Where the future was bringing honor and fame,
Worldly riches and gain.

The future has grown into the past,
The dreams have all come true,
But I'd give them now for the halcyon days
When life wore a roseate hue.

O happy, gladsome days!
No wonder the poets sing
"I'd rather be a laughing boy
Than reign a gray-haired king."

NEW YEAR THOUGHT

What shall I ask of the New Year
That it shall bring you health?
What shall I ask of the New Year—
That it shall bring you wealth?

If the New Year should bring you sadness
If the New Year should bring you care,
That the blessed arm of the Saviour
Shall help you the sorrow to bear.

That the New Year may bring you gladness,
That the New Year may bring you joy,
That the friendship you hold dearest
Shall prove gold without alloy.

COME BACK AND TRY AGAIN

O weary one! O wandering one!
Because you have tried in vain,
Your heart is filled with anguish,
With sorrow and with pain.
What if, in life's great battlefield
A victory ne'er you won;
What if the goal you never reached,
Your courage all undone,
When all the ships came in from sea
Yours was the missing one.
The seed you planted ne'er came up,
Though warmed by rain and sun,
The staunchest barque at times goes down;
The wind destroys the grain;
Hearts that are purest suffer most
From sorrow, death and pain.
The bravest often fall the first,
The noblest don't succeed.
"God will not quench the smoking flax
Nor break the bruised reed."
So when the sky is bright and blue,
Some warm and sunny day,
You'll see your vessel freighted down
Come sailing up the bay.
If now you water with your tears
Your prayers do not withhold;
At harvest time your yield shall be
More than a thousand fold.
So then come back and try again,
God helping, you'll do right,
When your sun of life shall set,
He will be light."

FAITH

You need not fear which path you walk
He but go with thee,
Nor let your barque drift near the shore
To sail far out to sea.

The clouds may lower, shadows fall,
With His presence near
Your cup of joy will overflow
Throughout the glad new year.

GREETING

(1863—Steubenville High School—1904.)

O friends, of faces unknown,
A greeting we send to thee,
And "Alma Mater" we love so well
From the class of "Sixty-three."

I am thinking now of a day in June,
In a time you will call olden,
When our hearts were light and spirits bright
And the future rosy and golden.

As a class we stood on the threshold of life
Ready to conquer the world,
Anxious to climb the ladder of fame,
Our banner of victory unfurled.

Some fought the battle of life and won,
Others failed who tried;
Some grown weary of care and toil
Now stand near the Saviour's side.

As I walk down the garden of time,
With memory hand in hand,
I am back again as in days of yore
One of that happy band.

I wonder if those who are left today
Let their thoughts go back at will
To that bright June day, long ago,
In the school house up on the hill.

For "1904" what can we say more;
Here's rosemary sweet for thee,
May its fragrance blend with love we send
From the class of "Sixty-three."

THE TRAMP

Bitter and biting the wind,
Cold and blowing the snow,
The better the comfort to feel
Of the warm, bright, fireside glow.

Song and praises arise
From the evening altar of prayer,
Kneeling with upturned face
Asking God's mercy and care.

A low, timid knock at the door,
Forlorn and amazed, there stood
A "tramp," in shivering rags,
Asking for a morsel of food.

Firmly and quickly the door
Shuts him out from the glow of the light.
Then with a muttering curse
He goes out to the cold winter night.

I have read not a sparrow can fall
That the Father on high doth not know;
He must surely have heard the low moan
Of a tramp, who lay dead in the snow.

A TRIBUTE

A flower and sprig of golden-rod,
That grew beside the grave,
Of one who in her gentle life
To me pure friendship gave.

Memory smiling through her tears,
Now takes me by the hand,
To golden hours, of girlhood days
A happy little band.

I alone, am left today,
To see through tear-dimmed eyes,
The glory-crowned, celestial ones,
Who dwell beyond the skies.

As the shadows longer grow
The dark waves lap the shore,
The broken links of friendship's chain
Death shall unite once more.

A SONG OF AN UNSEEN BIRD

A song of an unseen bird,
As the Angelus calls to prayer,
A paen of praise to God,
As it floats o'er the summer air.
It gladdens the sorrowing one
As it enters the chamber of pain,
Cheer up! Cheer up! There's rest for you,
Where you never will suffer again.

There's pardon and peace for you;
To the erring, it seems to sing,
A prodigal, though you may be,
Come fall at the feet of the King.
It carols of nature's gifts
From a Father's loving hand,
Its song of joy and peace,
Is trilled o'er the beauteous land.

Though the clouds hang heavy and low,
Through the rifts, the sun may be seen;
The mountains are covered with snow,
But the valleys lie smiling and green.
Little bird! you comfort my heart,
And over me comes a calm;
My soul is filled with ecstatic delight,
And I think of the "Song of the Lamb."

RESURGAM

Because He lives! O glorious thought
That we shall live again—
For death is but the morn of life,
That's free from sin and pain.

Because He lives! O holy thought,
That in that heavenly place,
We shall before the Saviour stand,
And see Him, face to face.

Because He lives! O cheering thought—
Our loved ones gone before,
We will greet again, eternally,
Where partings are no more.

PARTNERSHIP DISSOLVED

I've been a "silent" partner
With Santa Claus for years,
I did the greater part of work
While Santa got the cheers.
When Charley asked him for a drum,
And Santa brought a book,
I heard all the mutterings,
And saw the saddened look.
When Alice wrote for dolly,
"The prettiest ever seen,"
I had to plead for Santa,
And mediate between.

So now the children have grown up,
I'm going to leave the "Co.",
The dividends have always paid,
The stock will ne'er be low.
The "holders" all are workers—
One thing, they are always young,
Rich and poor, white and black,
Of every tribe and tongue.

'Tis not we have had dissension,
We always did agree.
I thought the world of Santa,
He thought the same of me.
But people have grown so advanced,
Without a blush of shame,
They say the silent partners
And Santa are the same.

SOMEHOW

When Christmas time comes 'round
And every one seems glad,
Somehow I always think
Of those whose hearts are sad.

Mothers at the window pane,
Look up through falling snow
And try to see the shadowy form
'Twas theirs not long ago.

Men and women facing grief
But stifling back the tears,
Yet O they miss the warm handclasp
They had through long, long years.

The wee limp shoes, the vacant chair,
Somehow, 'mid Christmas cheer
Make absent loved ones doubly missed
Than through the changing year.

At Christmas time God gave his Son,
Best gift of all He had;
Somehow, I think He closer comes
To those whose hearts are sad.

LOVE'S MESSAGE

You need not care for the world,
If one heart beats for you;
You need not fear its frown,
If just one heart is true.

The skies may be leaden and gray,
For you they shall be blue,
The mists will clear away
When love shines through.

The roses are blooming for you,
The birds shall sing alway,
And brightly gleam the star of love
For you on life's pathway.

Your vessel that sails in the bay,
No wave shall overwhelm;
Safely to port it shall ride,
For love sits at the helm.

MOTHER'S DAY

(Miss Anna Jarvis writes: "I shall have your poem published. It breathes the mother spirit through every line.")

A Day for Mothers; A Mothers' Day!
Shout it aloud with joy.
A day when every mother may hear
From every girl and boy.

When every boy and girl may write
From town or busy mart,
And tell the mother the place she holds
In his home, and love, and heart.

How memory takes him back again
To childhood day so sweet,
When mother's patient, loving hand,
Had guided little feet.

To trying scenes of youthful years,
And manhood's worldly care,
He hears her voice, as to her God
She gives her boy in prayer.

The tempter's power he overcomes,
At thought of her dear face,
And hears her chiding, loving words,
Of tenderness and grace.

And if amid the dewy grass
The violets meet your eyes,
Just brush the tear, and look above,
And pierce above the skies.

For mother love is still the same,
It makes the strong heart weak,
The voice, though stilled through all the years.
Yet being dead, doth speak.

DECORATION DAY

Strew their graves with beautiful flowers;
Cover them wide and deep,
These loved ones of ours, these soldiers brave
Who lie in a dreamless sleep.

The years are many, the days are long
Since they marched from our sight away,
'Mid beating of drums, wild huzzas,
And waving of banners gay.

In the battle front, with face to the foe,
With shouts of victory they fell;
By dread disease, in prison camp,
They murmured their last farewell.

Loved ones grown weary, have passed away
To a land where there are no tears;
Comrades left, are veterans gray
Aged with the passing years.

So cover their graves with fragrant flowers
In this gladsome May-day bright.
They gave their life, they gave their all
For a cause they thought was right.

**REVELATIONS III, 20, ON HOLMAN HUNT'S
PAINTING**

"Lo, I stand at the door and knock;
If any man open to me
I will come in and sup with him;
I his guest will be."
O Guest Divine! Come in,
Come and enter my heart;
Stay with me as my guest,
Until life and being part.

O Holy Guest! I'll ope the door—
Glad that Thou enter in.
Naught have I to offer Thee,
But sorrow, guilt and sin.
O Savior Guest, Thou art!
That Thou should sup with me
Will fill my soul with rapturous love
Through all eternity.

"THE STORY OF AN EMPTY SLEEVE"

(After a picture by Charles Dana Gibson.)

With good right arm and manhood strong,
With courage in his heart,
Among the first at country's call,
He went to do his part.

The years have passed, in memory now
He lives it oe'r again—
The soldier camp, the weary march,
O'er hill, and mount and plain.

He holds the fort 'gainst equal foe,
Or scales the rampart well;
Now in the "firing line" he stands,
Mid rain of shot and shell.

With shouts of victory in his ear,
While belching cannons roared,
The flag he follows to the front,
Where deadly fire is poured.

And now upon his face there comes,
A look that does not leave,
A patriot's sacrifice is told
In the tale of an empty sleeve.

GOOD CHEER

The song unsung, the word unsaid,
The smile that has never been given,
Will not make us richer here below,
Or help on the way to heaven.

Let us bask in the sunshine of today,
Perhaps it may rain tomorrow;
With laughter and glee the present enjoy,
Though the future is bringing sorrow.

Gather the roses ere they bloom
Their fragrance lingers longer,
Make your friends in youth's fair morn
Then the links of love are stronger.

AUTUMN SONG

Summer has gone with birds and flowers,
Bright blue skies and golden hours,
And autumn is here instead.
The trees are changing their coat of green
For one of shining silver sheen
With splotches of yellow and red.

The squirrels in the wood are too busy to play,
Getting their food for a winter day
Of nuts, a goodly store.
"Who will not work they shall not eat,"
Hurrying fast with eager feet,
They chatter and scamper away.

The honeybee hums to the flowers good-by,
As the last sweet he sips, with a sigh:
"I will see you again in June."
The birds are singing as if to say:
"Time we were flying southward away."
List to their farewell song.

"The Father who gave us beautiful May
And radiant June with flowers gay
Will help us through the year.
Though winter shall come with cold and snow
Not a sparrow shall fall, but He shall know,
We trust and never fear.

In every year are April showers,
In every year are sunny hours,
And birds and blossome bright.
"Never more cloud than sun," they say,
"Nor hours of night than those of day."
And then the birds took flight.

A LITTLE LOCK OF GRAY

Poets sing, and well they may,
Of the baby's golden curl;
Of the tresses black, and auburn brown,
Of "the dearest, sweetest girl."

But many a woman, or manhood strong,
Looks over his treasures to-day,
And his heart beats fast with tear-dimmed eyes
Seeing a lock of gray.

Again he feels a gentle hand
On the feverish brow of a boy,
The print of a kiss on lips
That thrills his heart with joy.

He hears again a voice
Lifted to God in prayer,
For the youth who goes out in the world,
Success and trial to share.

There comes to him words of hope,
Of courage, to do the right;
To shun temptation's ways.
And walk in the path of light.

He looks once more, into eyes
With shadows of death grown dim,
And part of his life goes out
As a mother goes up to Him.

The hands that toiled with love
Lie still o'er a pulseless breast;
The willing feet, that walked
In duty's paths, now rest.

A NEW PARABLE; PRODIGAL DAUGHTER

We all have read of "The Prodigal Son,"
Who was cared for, and petted and curled,
Who asked for the money he never earned,
And went out to see the world.

'Tis a beautiful tale that is told,
And every one thinks the same;
If one truly repents, who has sinned,
Forgive, without censure or blame.

Let some one a parable write,
Of a daughter so charming and fair,
Who went from the home, her living to make,
To lessen the household care.

Ill fitted she was, friendless, alone,
To cope with the world and its ways;
Temptation and sin came into her life
And she thought of her girlhood days.

"Oh, father and mother!" in anguish she cried,
Once more to her home now she turned,
"I have tried oh, so hard, yet failed in the task,"
And her heart for loved ones then yearned.

The father in pride and anger arose,
"You are a daughter of mine, no more.
My name is disgraced, I cannot forgive,
'Though you fall at my feet and implore."

The rippling waves laughed in the sun,
The river flowed on as before,
O'er a poor weary heart that sought
From sorrow and pain evermore.

O, men and women! who judge,
The prodigal daughter and son,
Let mercy and justice both blend,
For the erring, yet weaker one.

For the dear Father over us all
Speaks now, as in days of yore,
"Neither do I, thee condemn,
If only thou go, sin no more."

A TRIBUTE

(A poem dedicated to Colonel William Bender Wilson, President of the Society of the United States Military Telegraph Corps, and read at the Pittsburg reunion, August 19, 1909.)

Fraternally we meet again,
Old friends and new to greet,
To talk of future hopes and joys,
And memories sad, yet sweet.

To live again the old war days,
But we were brave and true,
With loyal hearts, and willing hands,
We helped "the boys in blue"

With good right arm, and manly strength,
And courage in our heart,
We each went forth, at country's call,
To dare, and do our part.

The war is o'er, the years are long,
Our comrades numbering few,
And yet, our country holds from us,
The recognition due.

But one there is,—All hail to him!
With eloquence and pen,
His voice is heard, his words go forth,
To aid his fellow men.

Uncrowned, he stands before us all,
Yet from each heart to-night,
The thoughts of love that emanate,
Would make a halo bright.

Another, to whom honor's due,
From Scotia's rugged land,
He calls each man his brother here,
And lends a helping hand.

If we reach first, that blissful shore,
We will greet them with a smile,
If we go last, they will wait for us,
We are journeying all the while.

TODAY

The present is all your own,
 It's sorrow or joy to share,
 To-morrow, to-day will count,
 Among the things that were.

Give the warm hand grasp to-day,
 Loving words to those so near,
 To-morrow they may pass away
 And leave you lonely here.

The wrong you did, make right to-day,
 Forgive the erring one;
 How can you know, for you or them,
 There may be no morrow's sun.

Strew flowers to-day, when the heart can feel
 The love you with them send;
 To-morrow, silence, stillness, death,
 May with their fragrance blend.

Oh, if we only knew to-day
 What might to-morrow bring,
 There would never be a bitter word,
 Nor e'er an unkind thing.

DOROTHY'S LETTER

Some one please write to Santa Claus, and tell
 about Harry and me?
 For we have been as good children, as ever
 children could be.
 Tell him papa is dead, mamma is sick, and we
 live by the old stone wall,
 For since we left the dear old home, he never
 comes to us at all.
 Ask him to bring me a dolly, Harry a rubber
 ball,
 Mamma something nice to eat, and maybe, a
 good warm shawl.
 I don't think Santa is angry with us, or hasn't
 enough to give,
 I am sure he will bring us "everything," if he
 only knows where we live.

WOMANHOOD

I like the woman pure and strong
As maid, or wife, or mother, hating wrong.
Gathering those she loves within her arm
Protects them from all worldly harm.
For helpless childhood lifts her voice,
And little hearts in hope rejoice.

E'en down to depths of crime and sin
She reaches forth, and draws the erring in.
In doing good she cannot fail,
Unknown to self, she finds "the Grail."
And when misfortune comes to those so dear
In faith and courage, rising as a peer,

She goeth forth to battle for the right,
Knowing that He above, will be her might.
Feeling as time his cycles roll
That God and love, will purify her soul.
And when at last, the victory won,
She hears, "What she could, she has done."

CONSTANCY

Dearest love! Do you remember
One bright sweet day in late September,
Among the falling leaves?
Slowly we walked as the sun went down,
Flinging his smile, like a golden crown,
Over your chestnut hair.

I think I hear your sweet voice say,
As on that mild September day;
"I will be true to you."
I find my love has made no change,
While you to me are cold and strange,—
I cannot understand.

My depth of soul you do not know,
So cannot feel the painful throe
That saddens thus my heart.
Your faith was not as strong as mine,
And yet, the chain once more, I'd bind;
I cannot say farewell.

MY ROSE JAR

I have taken the lid off my rose-jar
And there floats out into the air
The fragrance of flowers, the trill of a bird,
And a vision of summer fair.

Here are roses, from one that I loved,
O how he said he loved me;
But a richer and fairer one came—
Now he is wedded, across the sea.

Violets, from a being so fair,
Who with them her true love gave;
To-day the violets are trying to hide
In the grass o'er her new made grave.

With the fragrance of lilacs there comes
An old time back to me—
A dear old face, a last farewell,
Neath the boughs of the lilac tree.

Here's "forget-me-nots," they mean
To you I'll always be true.
O fickle John! you were never off with the
old love
Before you were on with the new.

There lingers still in this tube-rose
The sound of the Danube waltz—
A night in June, a broken heart,
And the words of a lover false.

Of friends, who were faithful 'till death
These purple pansies tell,
Through all the changing scenes of time
They never swerved or fell.

So I put the lid on my rose-jar
The bitter in with the sweet,
The true and false, the light and shade
Make all our lives complete.

UNITED STATES MILITARY TELEGRAPHER

(Dedicated to Colonel Robert C. Clowry.)

Gray-haired men meet and talk
Of the days of long ago,
When war and carnage filled our land
With sorrow, death and woe.

They will recount the gallant deeds
Of brave men tried and true,
Who gave their life for liberty
And flag "red, white and blue."

Among the first upon the field,
Among the last to leave,
To send the victory or defeat
The nation should receive.

Their canopy the bright blue sky,
Their tent a leafy tree.
And there with courage in their soul,
They worked the magic "key."

Not their's to fire the musket
Amid the battle fray,
But their's to list, with bated breath,
To the low sound of "relay."

Not their's to fall in conflict
Amid the clash of steel,
But their's to do or die,
Ere the "cypher" to reveal.

O gray-haired men! then beardless boys,
Your comrades neath the sod.
You gave your all, at Freedom's call,
Your country next to God.

Here's to the few now left,
Here's to the matchless "three."
To dot and dash and courage—
Home, country, liberty.

THE LAND OF LONG AGO

I journeyed away to a land,
A land that is far yet so near;
The pleasure and pain that was mine,
The laughter the joy and the tear.

The dream of the poet was there,
In sunset in skies and in seas,
Like shadows against the blue sky,
The birds dart and soar in the breeze.

From the old fashioned gardens of thyme,
The spices made fragrant the air,
Where the bee sips nectar all day,
From the roses and lilies so fair.

The meadows slope down to the sea,
Where zephyrs blow softly and mild,
Like the shepherd boy's pipe neath the trees,
Or the soft crooning song of a child.

Sometimes the sun tinges the clouds,
In purple, in rose and in gold,
Then would change as if trying to see
What colors his brush could unfold.

I met there the friends of my youth,
Whom they told me had vanished and gone;
O, this long ago magical land,
No fairer the sun shines upon.

THREE KISSES

The years have come and gone,
Since first upon your lips,
I pressed a kiss.
And breathed a prayer
As only mother's can,
Who feel this bliss.

O God! into Thy hands
My child I give.
O keep him in the narrow way,
And teach him how to live.

Upon your brow to-day,
In manhood's strength and grace,
I press a kiss.
And breathe a prayer
As only mothers can,
Who know of sins abyss.

God be his guard and guide
O may he never know,
Temptation's wicked snare,
'The path of sin and woe.

When death at last shall come
To gently call me home,
I'll give my fondest kiss,
And breathe a prayer,
As only mothers can,
Who feel what parting is.

Dear Lord! again I leave
My loved one to Thee.
And only ask, when life is past
To bring him back to me.

THE BOYHOOD TRAIL

Many roads lead out to the world,
But they start from the self-same place,
Two fond arms, two loving eyes,
And tenderness and grace.

A downy head on a mother's breast,
A crooning song in your ear;
Off you go to "lullaby land"
Or "slumber town" so near.

Back you come, and away again,
Through time that ne'er can fail.
To bring you up with days and years,
To hunt for the "boyland trail."

Then with youthful courage and pride,
You try this unknown land.
A yearning comes for the old, old place,
You scarce can understand.

How eager now for the words of cheer
That give you comfort and joy.
The better again to onward go—
"How well you have done brave boy."

And the years go on—another path
To "manhood town" leads on,
Where the battle of life, its care and toil,
Will take your brain and brawn.

Often now your manhood brave
And the strength of your soul is tried;
Crushed by cruel words of the world,
Its jealousy and pride.

Tarry awhile in the "city of age"
There with smiles and tears;
You'll laugh and talk of the wondrous past,
Of the happy, fleeting years.

Now you come to the "Great Divide,"
And enter the "Land of Rest."
Then you hear the old, old words—
"You have tried and have done your best."

O DO NOT SING THE OLD SONGS

O do not sing the old songs,
But tell me of the new.
Sing to me of hope, and youth,
And all that's bright and true.
O do not sing the old songs
And fill my heart with pain,
For memories buried long ago
Wake with each sad refrain.

O do not sing the old songs—
"List to the Mocking Bird"—
A vision fair, with golden hair,
And sweet voice now is heard.
She sang her way into our hearts,
Our love to her we gave;
But now, the mocking bird's clear notes,
Are heard above her grave.

O do not sing the old songs—
"Rally all, my boys"—
There was a brave young voice rang out
Above the battle noise,
O do not sing the old songs,
For leading in the fray,
He fell, while rallying round the flag,
But he had gained the day.

O do not sing the old songs—
"Fast falls the eventide"—
A gentle mother's latest prayer—
"O Lord with me abide,"
A lullaby, a cradle rock,
Doth with the old song come;
The angels came one summer morn,
And took the baby home.

So do not sing the old songs,
And fill my heart with pain;
For memories buried long ago,
Wake with each sad refrain.

A LULLABY SONG

I am singing a lullaby song tonight
But I am singing it all alone,
The little ones have grown out of my arms
And into the world have flown.

There is no downy head on my breast tonight
No little red lips to kiss;
So I am singing a song to give me back,
An old-time hour of bliss.

The wee pink toes" to market have gone
O'er a road that is stony with pain;
The "pat-a-cake hands" are brown with toil
Striving for worldly gain.

I am singing a lullaby song tonight
And I hear the rafters ring,
At "old Dame 'Trot," and her comical cat,
And the pie, where the black birds sing.

Now down their cheeks, the tear-drops start
For "the poor little babes in the wood."
"Red Ridinghood" eaten up by a wolf
On an errand doing good.

"Rock-a-bye-baby on the tree top"
The winds blow and the cradle will fall,
In singing my lullaby song alone,
The children have vanished—all.

**"YOU ARE GOING ON A LONG, LONG
JOURNEY"**

(Dedicated to Charles Dana Gibson.)

You are going on a long, long journey,
One that you ne'er went before,
For never a shadow of returning sail,
Comes from that unknown shore.

You are going on a long, long journey—
You need neither scrip nor purse,
For the heavy weight of riches,
Might prove to you a curse.

You are going on a long, long journey
You need no sad farewell;
And only those you leave behind,
The aching void can tell.

You are going on a long, long journey
To a better land than this;
You leave behind you wrinkled care,
To enter joy and bliss.

You are going on a long, long journey
But the captain knows the way;
He'll guide your barque in safety,
To realms of endless day.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

A song rang out on the air
A throb of sorrow and pain;
There was a minor in the carol,
Of all the sad refrain.
Then people paused in passing,
Their eyes were moist with a tear,
E'en children stopped their playing,
Their young hearts, sad with fear.
Labor ceased from turmoil,
There was quiet in the world's great din,
For just one touch of nature
Had made the whole world kin.

* * * * *

A song of joy and gladness,
A paen of hope and praise,
It went on the wings of morning
Nor ceased at the end of days.
The sorrowing tarried to listen,
A smile o'erspread their face;
The hand of crime uplifted
Was stayed by love and grace.
For a little touch of nature
Into the heart crept in,
And set the world rejoicing,
In the Brotherhood of Kin.

A PROBLEM OF CHRISTMAS

How many children are glad o'er the land,
Waiting for "Santa" to come;
With his wonderful pack of dolls and toys,
And always a "real" drum.
How many children will be sad in the morn,
That Santa has forgotten again.
Sorrow will chase the laughter away,
And little hearts ache with pain.

How many mothers will silently pray,
Will suffer and then be strong;
Yet fail to tell the sad eyed ones,
Why Santa passed along.
How many mothers, or children I ween,
Of their wondrous gifts will share;
As they thank the Lord, for His love to them.
Bowing low, their heads in prayer?

EASTERTIDE

"CHRIST IS RISEN! HALLELUJAH!"
Come let our voices raise
In songs of love and praise
To Christ, our King.
No more the crown of thorns,
No more the pierced side,
Nor Jesus crucified,
But now a risen Lord.

Before His throne low bending,
Angelic notes ascending,
Make courts of heaven ring,
With "Holy! Holy! Holy!"
The Lamb that once was slain,
In glory lives again—
Now and evermore.

And loud the chorus swelling,
The great redeemed are telling
What angels ne'er could know;
"For us His blood was given
To bring our souls to heaven,
For all eternity."

"TAPS"

From distant fort now loud and clear,
The sound of "Taps" falls on my ear;
The hard day's work in camp is done,
The time for needed rest has come,
And to each soldier seems to tell,
Lights out! Good night! All's well!

Brave soldiers now, in battle strife,
In dreams live o'er the warrior's life;
They hear the shouts of victory won,
And comrades left, 'neath southern sun,
The bravest, daring ones who fell,
Lights out! Good night! All's well!

'Neath grassy graves all kissed with dew,
Rest soldier brave, of gray or blue!
You fought for right, for thought is free,
And sheathed your sword with Grant or Lee
For you, morn breaks with heavenly light.
All's well! Good night!

BY AND BY

“By and By such little words,
Yet as the lips repeat,
Before the eyes there comes
A vision—glorious, sweet,
To weary wandering ones
On earth or sea that roam;
“By and By” is bringing you
To bliss, and joy, and home.
To youth good hope and cheer
The future will unfold;
And by and by brings summer isles
And skies all tinged with gold.
Old heads and sorrowing hearts,
Shall rest beyond the grave.
And “By and By” the song shall be,
Of Jesus’ power to save.
O by and by! like cloud by day,
Or pillar in the night,
In journeying through life’s wilderness,
Keeps promised land in sight.

SOMEWHERE

Somewhere, sometime, somehow,
These eyes now dimmed with tears,
Shall see, why we must walk alone
Through all the weary years.

Somewhere, sometime, somehow,
We will understand in part,
Why sorrow takes us by the hand,
And anguish wrings our heart.

Somewhere, sometime, somehow,
It all shall be made plain,
Why links of love round mother’s hearts,
By death are rent in twain.

Somewhere, sometime, somehow,
Life’s bitterness shall end,
“Knowing as we are known”
Then we will comprehend.

ROADS IN LIFE

A saying old we know full well
"All roads lead to Rome;"
But memory loves to take us back,
To ways that lie near home.

In childhood days, a road we loved,
Led to the school house red.
Where the march of toes and little bare feet,
Were left on its dusty bed.

Down the grassy path to the wayside spring,
Where the sparkling waters fell;
Ne'er a draught in life, such joy could bring,
As were quaffed in that mossy dell.

By the winding way, in the soft moonlight,
Where lover's lingered long.
Where vows were spoken, that ne'er were
broken,
And the river flowed as a song.

To the weary traveler dreams oft come,
As he sails o'er the ocean far;
And the road that leads him back to home,
Where love is his guiding star.

'Twas a thorny path up the hill of fame,
Burdened with many a sigh;
But courage and pluck helped us along,
And we planted our banner on high.

There is one more road we all must take
Sooner or later, at will.
In the early morn, or eventide,
To "God's Acre" up, over the hill.

'Tis paved with sighs and bitter tears,
With sorrow of broken heart:
Early friendship, and ties of years,
Over this road must part.

But if His rod and staff we take,
As we walk through the valley so dim;
We will find "the road from life to light,"
Leads through the grave to Him.

WHAT THEN?

If I with arms all laden down,
With flowers of rarest bloom,
Whose blossoms sweet, fill all the air,
With fragrance and perfume;
Should not to little empty hands
Give from my wondrous store,

What then?

If birds and sunshine make my path,
A day of glorious song;
The time so full of joy and love,
I would the hours prolong.
Should I not ope' my lips, and give
A lullaby or hymn,

What then?

If in my hour of sorrow deep,
Come words with comfort fraught;
Come loving friends, with tender hands,
To bind my wounds unsought,
If I should not the fallen lift,
Or cup of water give,

WHAT THEN?

OUR NAVAL HEROES

(In Memoriam.)

Scatter the flowers out over the wave,
Let their fragrance blend with the foam,
Bearing a message of sorrow and love
From country, comrades, and home.

The nation loves her dead,
And ever the names will keep,
On memory's roll, of the heroes brave
Who lie in the boundless deep.

The mermaid chants a tender dirge
Where reefs of coral glow.
The Triton blows on his trumpet shell
A requiem, soft and low.

Wherever the stars and stripes, half-mast,
With soft folds kissing the sea,
'Tis a tribute of love, the country gives,
Who died, for the flag of the free.

Scatter the flowers out over the waves,
Through all the coming years.
The heart of the nation throbs with grief,
As Columbia sheds her tears.

LINES WRITTEN TO SAMUEL L. CLEMENTS

(On seventieth birthday anniversary.)
(Complimentary letter received from Mark Twain.)

“We live in deeds, not years;
In thoughts, not breaths.”

Mark Twain! You must not count by years
The time that you have passed;
Nor reckon it as golden coin,
The wealth you have amassed.

Go count the sunshine, you have flung
Among the cclouds of woe;
The laughter and the smiles that came
Where tears were wont to flow.

Think of the fun the youth have had,
Allong with “Sawyer’s boy.”
The pleasure you, the children gave,
Was gold without alloy.

I’ll ne’er forget one morn in church,
It really was a sin;
I thought of one, and laughed outright,
’Twas “Huckleberry Finn.”

That sunrise scene of “Innocents,”
To me will ne’er grow stale;
But if they had worn pajama’s then,
They need not looked so pale.

Hearts that are purest suffer most,
As yours from death and pain;
So oft our eyes were wet with tears,
For jolly old Mark Twain.

And when it comes, as come it will,
The time to say “good-bye,”
An angel band all wreathed in smiles,
Will take you up on high.

"GOOD NIGHT; NOW SAY YOUR PRAYERS"

Lonely I sit and think to-night,
As I have not done for years;
Of scenes and times of long ago,
'Mid silent falling tears,
And one of the memories that charm me most,
Though many are passing fair;
Is the little ones, bending at mother's knee,
Saying the evening prayer—

“God bless papa and mamma dear,
Sisters and brothers too;
If I should die before I wake,
O take me up to You.”

I'm weary and old, my hair is gray,
My form so bowed with care;
But to-night, I'm back with mother again,
Saying the little prayer.
I feel the print of a kiss on my lips,
And a shadowy form in the air;
Whispers to me, in accents mild,
“Good night! Now say your prayer.”

Out from the home the children have gone,
Those happy boys and girls;
Care has furrowed the manly brows,
And time has streaked the curls;
Perhaps it kept from crime and vice,
And from temptation's snare;
For I seemed to hear the mother's voice,
“Good night! Now say your prayer.”

The years go by, death will come,
And with but little warning;
But in that land of life and light,
There will be a glad “Good Morning”
From mothers, who wait with loving arms,
To welcome their children there;
Forever to rest, in joy and peace,
If only, they've “said” their prayer.

THE HEART'S MEMORIAL DAY

Again has come Memorial day,
And now with flowers we'll strew,
The grassy graves, of soldiers brave
Who wore the gray or blue.
The victor and the worthy foe,
How peacefully they sleep,
While loved ones, with arms entwined,
Their tears together weep.

A woman fair, whose silver locks
Are mingling with the gold.
Looks at a pictured manly face,
Love's story all is told.
Among the heroes marked "unknown,"
Her brave one long has slept,
Through weary years, a saddened life,
Memorial Day hath kept.

For the heart has its memorial days,
Keeping them, all alone.
For broken vows, and bitter words,
For deeds, to ne'er atone;
For some sweet faith or shattered hope,
And only God can say,
If the nation's grief, or lonely hearts,
Keeps saddest memorial day.

O soldiers brave! Through all the years
The nation loves her dead.
O, mothers! sweethearts! wives!
Yours are the hearts that bled.

MY SHIP'S AT SEA

My ships are coming home to-day,
They have been at sea for years.
I have watched, and waited their return
With hopes, and doubts, and fears.

There is scarce a wreck among them all,
A few with broken spar;
One, lies in shame a derelict,
Outside the harbor bar.

For years she sailed out, o'er the main,
No port would let her in;
Her cargo pride, and selfishness,
And worldly greed, and sin.

Grim famine stalked, with hideous mien,
Among a little band.
The "Brotherhood" of man reached out,
And filled each needy hand.

The little barque that went out then,
With charity and love;
Is bringing back a precious freight,
Of heritage above.

And so I stand upon the pier,
And look far o'er the bay;
To see the Pilot, Faith bring in
My ships that sailed away.

MEMORY

Keep roses, so beauteous, so fragrant, so sweet,
To be strewn in the path of the bride;
And lilies so chaste, and pure, and cold,
For the glorious Easter-tide.
When the victor comes from his vanquished foe
Bind laurels upon his head;
But the myrtle which memory holds in her hand
Should be kept for the quiet dead.

So when I am "gone" bring a myrtle wreath,
Emblem of friendship true;
Of the love you gave to me on earth,
And the love I had for you;
O, as you look at my silent form,
With my hands close at my side,
Say not "she did good or ill,"
But only this, "she tried."

IS THE WORLD THE BETTER FOR YOU?

Is the world the better that you have lived?
Ponder in silence alone.
Have the tears been less, the way more bright
For your light having shone?
Is the world the better that you have lived?
Have you looked in the face of "despair?"
Were yours, the words of courage and hope
That bade them do and dare?

Is the world the better that you have lived?
Have you stilled the orphan's cry;
The hungry fed, the naked clothed,
The stranger ne'er passed by?
Is the world the better that you have lived?
Have you gone to the slough of despond,
And lifted your brother up, out of the mire,
To the land of hope beyond?

If the world is better, that you have lived,
Then it has bettered thee.
"Inasmuch as ye did to the least of these,
Ye did it unto Me."

"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

Is life worth living? Why should you ask it—
Formed in the image of Maker divine;
Breathed into your nostrils the breath of His
being,
All the earth beauteous, He gave thee as thine.

Is life worth living? O, dare you doubt it?
Home, friend, kindred, all for thy joy;
While through your veins, the warm blood is
leaping,
Naught in your pathway, to mar or destroy.

Is life worth living? You question in sorrow,
The clouds are dark, the sun is not clear.
Hearts like gold, are purer by fire,
When the death angel comes, God's arm is
still near.

Is life worth living? Aye here and forever!
Riches of body, and mind gladly give.
Scatter your sunshine, your song, and your
flower,
Life is worth living, Rejoice that you live.

ENTREAT ME NOT TO LEAVE THEE

(Published as a song by Jaberg & Co., Cincinnati, O.)

Entreat me not to leave thee,
O where so e'er thou go;
O let me share thy happiness,
Or help thee bear thy woe.

If sunshine beam around thee,
With flowers I'll strew thy path;
If storm or tempest gather,
I'll shield thee from its wrath.

Entreat me not to leave thee,
Thy friends shall all be mine;
Thy Saviour shower blessings,
On my heart, as on thine.

O give me of thy love I pray,
My soul with Thine shall blend;
Entreat me not to leave thee,

"IT IS ALL FOR THE BEST"

It is easy to say, it's all for the best,
When the sky is bright and blue;
When birds are singing and flowers bloom,
And life wears a roseate hue.
It's a different thing when clouds hang low,
And the sky is leaden and gray;
Our heads bowed down, our hearts in pain,
For the loved ones gone away.

It's easy to say, all for the best,
With the laurel wreath on our head;
When the goal is reached, the battle won,
And our vessel, the race has led.
It's a different thing, when we've fought and
lost,
And tried so hard and failed.
And wreck and ruin, float out in the bay,
Of the vessel that never sailed.

"It's all for the best," it's easy to say,
With a warm little head on your breast;
With rosy lips, and dimpled hands,
Reaching up, to be caressed.
When empty arms clasp naught but air,
And hands hold a ringlet of gold,
Limp little shoes, or a broken toy,
Then the tale of your sorrow is told.

They say 'tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all;
That hearts are purer for being scourged,
And sorrow helps us all.
But I think we'll have to watch and pray,
And get to the better land,
For these problems of life, so hard to solve,
We then, can understand.

ALWAYS AND FOREVER

There is nothing so sweet in life,
As words of comfort and cheer;
The warm loving touch of hand-clasp,
And gentle tones in our ear.

If sorrow is a guest at our hearth-stone,
And the world is darkened and drear;
Like an angel of mercy, comes loved ones,
And dries the falling tear.

Then out to the world, to life's duties,
And again, we are alone with our pain;
Our heart yet breaking with anguish,
And tired the weary racked brain.

Then gladness comes into our sorrow,
Like the dusk and darkness blend;
"I will never leave or forsake you—
Lo! I am with you to the end."

Not for a time,—but forever,
Down to life's fleeting breath;
And the "rod and staff" shall comfort,
E'en through the valley of death.

O then rejoice and look upward,
The Lord is always our friend;
His promise is yea and forever,
'Lo I am with you, to the end."

THE APPLE TREE

The apple tree is all abloom,
With blossom pink and white,
And childish hands are culling them,
With laughter and delight.
The birds are singing all around,
The sky is bright and blue.
O childhood dear, and apple bloom,
There is nothing sweet as you.

The apple tree is laden down,
With luscious fruit so red;
The autumn sunshine through its leaves,
Falls on the lovers head;
Who lingering walk beneath the shade,
And tell the story old;
While future bright, seem to their gaze,
Like sunset sky all gold.

The apple tree's bare, leafless bough,
Swing through the wintry blast;
The dead leaves, whirling with the wind,
A requiem for the past.
But love is just the same, sweet love,
Through all the changing year,
And childhood joys, are ever bright,
With life, and hope, and cheer.

"THE CALL OF THE GOOD"

(On sermon preached by Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmadge,
Los Angeles, Cal.)

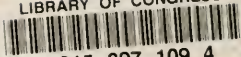
I hear the voices calling
Across the flood of years;
Voices kind and gentle
That calmed my childish fears.
"Are you as pure and lowly,"
They whisper soft to me,
"As when you lisped your prayer,
Kneeling at my knee?"

I hear the voices calling
Out of the olden days;
Voices of love and counsel:
"O walk in wisdom's ways"—
Voices of kindest warning:
"O shun the path of sin,
Avoid it, pass not by it,
For sorrow dwells therein."

I hear the voices calling—
One still small voice doth say;
"I know the yoke is heavy,
Borne through the heat of day.
But evening shadows gather,
The cross, you'll soon lay down—
The burden will grow lighter
Then, you shall wear the crown."

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